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Editorials

On Thinking

One of the most persistent fads that has swept our campus this year is that one of thinking. Early in the year some member of our student body got warning that the students in other colleges were thinking and since that time our lives have been one mad attempt to do the same thing. We have even gone so far as to put on a Thinking Campaign in which the students were divided in groups according to alphabet and sent to certain rooms, there to learn to think under the tutelage of another student who had spent three nights in the study of prescribed pamphlets sent out from headquarters. All of which would have been quite good if thinking could be got like the alphabet. But is that possible?

Thinking is not the mere accumulation of facts concerning the problems which face us. One must have the facts, but they alone are not the whole cloth of thought. They are only the threads out of which the thinker weaves his own pattern; produces his own idea. That is where our thinking groups have made their mistake. They have collected and propagated a set of ideas and called it thinking. What is worse, they have presented to the students only those facts that society has accepted as being the most agreeable. They have not tried to launch any one out in a determined search for truth. They have only attempted to put into every one's mouth the patter of so-called modern thought, and into their mind the belief in those thoughts.

And belief is a far cry from thought.

The first is a mortal enemy to the second. When I believe a thing it is not necessarily my own idea that I believe. Very likely it is some one's else that I have merely accepted, and as long as I hold this belief I cannot, of course, grant that I may be wrong, that there may be other solutions better than the one I hold. To do so would automatically disclose the fact that I did not believe in my idea. But when I think about a thing, I must consider all possible opinions and facts concerning it. The conclusion I reach may be almost identical with another's idea, may be wrong, and yet I have thought, and have a right to the idea I reach. Moreover, after I have considered the opinion of others and struggled over my own, I will never be smugly sure of myself. I will be open to new facts and ideas because I think as I do merely in the light of the facts I possess. There is no belief in it to make me inflexible.

Perhaps the thinking group could perform some service if they would change their purpose and try merely to furnish facts as the necessary weapons of thought in dealing with the modern problems. But as long as they insist on peddling thoughts, the individual thinker must avoid them like fresh paint. As surely as Camel Cigarettes satisfy, the thinking group will smother the thinking person. Which is no more than can be expected. Naturally, the A's and B's of the College cannot meet in 49 McIver on Wednesday night and discuss and think. The thing is patently impossible. They can-

not learn to "think while they wait." The only possible result is that the leader gets up and recites censored rubbish.

But the fact that the individual cannot get his thoughts from a community dispensary does not relieve him of the obligation to think. Each of us enrolled in this college is using time, space and money for training which is beyond the reach of most of the people in the State and the United States. We are utilizing

those things which should belong to those people who are going to lead. And leaders must not spend their time defending the old. They must lead as to the better new. You may make mistakes and strike false trails in your thinking, but even when you lose your way in attempting to do your own thinking you are nearer the truth than if you stood still and unmoving on ground some one else has gained.
I. L. S.

On Vocational Guidance

Last week a Vocational Conference was held at the college, which is a very encouraging fact. We have long been needing help with our problem of choosing the work we wanted to do after finishing our college course. But this is the first attempt to meet the need. Every since the college has been founded, girls have been coming here, studying four years, and then going out to teach. Usually it was because they did not know anything else to do, or did not feel capable of doing anything else. Of course it is impossible that all the girls in all the graduating classes which have gone out from this institution have wanted to teach. Teaching is neither so lucrative a profession nor so popular a one that it would attract such a large group of women. Furthermore, all of the graduates of a class can not possibly be suited for teaching. When, because of lack of special training, they are forced into it, many of them make unhappy failures. They suffer from the realization that they are not doing the thing that they want to do, and the failing in what they are doing. The public suffers because it is paying a worker who is not efficient and who is wasting the time of her students. Also, the public suffers the loss of a good

worker in the field which the girl should have entered. There is no clearing house; and so year after year the waste in happiness, effort, and money goes on.

How this situation can be met is yet to be decided. Perhaps it will be possible to have a Bureau of Vocational Guidance which will begin with the girls as they enter their Freshman year and consistently try to help them find their work. Information concerning the professions could be presented to the girls; some estimate of each individual's natural ability made, and then each one trained in the work which she decides to do. This would, of course, necessitate some addition to the curriculum but they would be made just as needed and would not involve any great change. In the same way some courses now required would have to be dropped from that place. We would no longer train for an A. B. or a B. S. degree by taking prescribed courses. We would prepare for a definite place in society and then go out to fill it. The general white-wash coating of culture would be done away with; but I believe that we would be better equipped to carry on the work of the world and therefore, in the long run, more cultured.
I. L. S.

Jed

Jo Grimsley, Dikean, '25

It was not only that Jed had started life under disadvantages; it was because he knew and accepted the fact that he was one apart that made him devoid of hope. In his childhood, he was accustomed to hear the tedious complaining of his mother who harped upon his illness. She was in the habit of telling minutely to the neighbor-women, when they came from miles away to pay an occasional visit, the story of the doctor's visit. The visit was one of the few momentous events in her life, an incident which she retold with melancholy relish upon every possible occasion. She told it in a whining voice.

"Lord, yes," she would say, watching the effect upon her impressed neighbor, "it wudn't so much that I needed the doctor, f'r I'd had five children right along without ary a doctor and I didn't mind havin' the sixt' one. No, it wudn't f'r me that he come because I ain't ever needed ary one yet; but it was f'r that last pore little 'un. Lord, he wun't hardly more than skin an' bones and yaller, yaller as a sody biscuit. Well I stood it 's long 's I could and then I told his pa somepin' just had t' me done. The youngen was about ten days old then and it looked like he wouldn't live much longer. His pa sed we'd better be mighty certain that we needed the doctor bad before we sent because you know it takes all day f'r a doctor to come and go way down on this river and 50 miles on the river is a long way; so we waited another day. That night his pa got to talkin' about it an' he seemed kinda oneasy.

"'It'll take a lot a time an' money to

git a doctor here from J——ville,' he sed t' me that way that I knew he was worried, 'but I don't b'lieve that youngen will live three days longer if somepin' ain't done for him. Ed's goin' up on his boat in the mornin' and I reckon we'd better send for him.' Well I, knew it'd be a terrible cost, but I was mighty glad of it.

"When th' doctor come next day, he was mighty kind so 't I didn't dread him a bit. He looked at Jed and sed right away that th' child was et up by m'squitos and was born with malaria in 'im. He sed we all had it somethin' awful and he couldn't a brought enough quinine down on the boat to a cured us. He had brought a musquiter nettin', though, an' he made a frame with it an' put it over the baby. He give all the childern quinine an' sed they wasn't any use f'r me 'n th' old man to take any." So she would ramble on for an afternoon, telling her never-ending tale, the quiet, barefoot child standing by her chair; he would pat the thin, dirty-white little dog beside him and rub his slim, bare legs against his mother's skirt, skillfully dodging her frequent snuff expectoration. He knew that he was being talked about and he accepted it quitely; he also accepted the fact that he was too "puny" to go out in the hot sun to fish with his brothers and sisters; it always made him sick. Once in a while, on cloudy days, he was allowed to pole a little flat-bottomed boat across the oyster shoals and gather oysters with a rusty-pronged rake. He was under-sized and weak; he was often ill with an agonizing chill which

shook and wrenched his small body with pains which would have done credit to any ancient torture-rack. Then his whole body would burn with a fever so raging and violent that it threatened to burn him like a cinder. These chills and accompanying fevers occurred regularly every other day until the boy's mother, in her hap-hazard manner, had given him enough of the precious quinine to ward them off for awhile; sometimes this painful illness would last for several weeks so that every other day was a tortuous hell for the boy with only a short respite between. He would arise from such long sieges of malaria to creep about weak and thin, very yellow, and deaf from the quinine. Water was like gall to his taste and he saw the world hazily as through a mist. The sweat poured from him as he dared not go into the scorching brilliance of the sun.

Often he would lie under the cool shade of a fig tree, making himself a nest with the silent hens and his lazy puppy there. From this haven, he looked out over the water and blinked at the brilliance of the shining, heaving mass, almost copper in the hottest sun. The beauty and splendour of this vast stretch of water always pleased him; the river made him feel as he felt when a soothing cool breeze came to brush his burning sand-heated feet. From the shining river he looked up, squinting at the low white clouds which looked like cotton puff balls and were dazzling in their whiteness; contrasted against the intense blue of the sky, they reflected the brilliance of the sun and shone like bright steam. Then he would roll his eyeballs, aching from so much bright sunlight, and settle them gratefully upon the distant green shore line or upon the tall pines nearby. The

dark, cool green of the pines always rested him and he loved to watch their gentle swaying. For the most part, he was apathetic; but, occasionally he was aroused to a slight bit of interest by the mad race of a gray dove before a swift hawk in front of the pines; sometimes he noted the leaping of a fish in the silent water. On he would gaze at the quietly sleeping hens beside him and the indolent flies crawling upon his feet. Sometimes he looked at the dull gray, squat house that was home, observing the crepe myrtles beside it and wondering at the heat that baked it; he saw his barefoot mother and his brothers and sisters upon the porch, working at the fish nets and was not surprised at their dull movements. He felt dull himself, much duller than they. Scorpions crept up wearily and gorgeous butterflies floated like flower petals; but he took no heed of them. Once he sighed profoundly.

"Lord," he said, "I reckon they think I ought to help them with them nets; but I'm sick, plumb sick." He put his shaggy head down upon the ribs of the puppy and wept. The dog looked at him sympathetically.

* * * * *

So Jed grew up apart. He took for his own special domain the oyster rocks, and was poling about over them at all times, at night and in the rain. He took a great pride in them, watching the shiny tin buckets as they were brought in carefully from the boats. He filled the buckets from the best that he had, telling himself that the people who got oysters from him would certainly get their money's worth. That was the joy of his life, hunting out the large oysters and growing them larger and better than any of the other rivermen; he devoted

his whole time to it. Indeed, he exposed himself to dangerous weather in his zeal to please people with his oysters. The river boatmen marooned down river on a stormy night would "put in to Jed's for oysters," knowing that the slim, eager young man would go out into the storm and get them oysters to roast. They were a rough, good-hearted bunch who certainly "never meant a soul a bit of harm" and they could not be expected to look out for the young man who was so eager to go. They came merrily to the boathouse, built themselves a fire upon the dirt floor and boisterously called for oysters to roast.

Trembling with haste and fumbling because of his eagerness, Jed would untie his little boat and pole rapidly into the storm, returning in a short while with a boat-load of oysters. The men, by this time warmed by the fire and comforted with rum, were in a jovial mood and would call to him gratefully:

"It's a powerful rough night eh Jed?" Or: "I shore do hate t' be hung up on this river a night like this, Jed, but I'll be damned if it ain't worth it when y' git oysters like them. Ain't they beauties, boys?"

This was all the balm that Jed's soul wished. Smiling timidly, and yet with pride, he would get a small corner of the fire and try to dry himself by it as he listened to the songs and jokes, the roaring laughter, and the loudly smacking lips of the boatmen when they opened the steaming shells of the oysters. Wistfully he looked on, watching the glistening pearly oysters shine in the fire-light, more beautiful in their contrast to the rough, hairy hands which held them; he gazed after them half-regretfully as he saw them gulped down noisily; he

gazed in the plaintive manner of a dog. He would not have dared admit to himself that he hated to see the oysters disappear; but in a vague, wistful way this was the very thing which was going on inside his brain.

On winter days, Jed was never surprised to see a band of hunters, men who brought meat for their dogs, but came themselves to eat oysters. He greeted them timidly, flushing a pale red when they spoke to him. He was very swift to go after the oysters, painfully conscious that they were alternately watching himself and the lowering sun through their cigar smoke. Jed made their fire, roasted the oysters, and opened them for the stout men who wore prescribed hunting clothes. He was silent; however, he appreciated the praise of the hunters in spite of the fact that they were Yankees, men from "up North."

One stormy, rainy night, the river boatmen came to Jed's weather beaten boat house and received no answer to their loud calls. They were wet and disappointed.

"Now, where d'you reckon that feller's gone to?" one of them said.

"Gosh! He can't be very far," said another, "for he ain't never yet gone very far. He might a knowed we's be here t'night. Lord! y' don't reckon he's gone a courtin'?" The other men laughed in spite of the rain.

"That he ain't," said one. "He ain't ever done that yit. He's too danged skinny an' bashful f'r a woman t' look at 'im. More'n that, he ain't ever tried that I know of—er if he has, I ain't heard it. . . But this ain't gittin' us no oysters. Lord, I could eat a bushel myself!"

"Boys," said another of the men, pointing to a window or light shining dully

in the rain and blackness, "D'you reckon he might be sick? They's a light up at the house and I don't bet Mis' Wilson 'ud be up this late er have a light if there wudn't something the matter. I reckon we'd better go see 'f everything's alright." They plodded along in the rain and knocked at the weather-worn door. Jed's mother hastily came to the door.

"Lord!" she said, "it's you all. Come in and warm, but y'd better not make any noise because Jed's sick. Lord! He's got a high fever burnin' him up an' his bones achin' somethin' awful. Been talkin' about the oyster rocks all day an' ravin' like somebody crazy—and him just took yestiddy. A body never knows what's comin' on 'em. Pore thing! He's all drawn up in knots and he's havin' awful pain. Y'know they ain't nobody here but me 'n him. I reckon I ought t' send f'r one of th' girls, but Liza ain't been married long and they're all a pretty far ways off. Lord, it's hard! All my childern married except him an' now him here sick without anybody but me t' look after him. He's in awful pain; I reckon if his pa was livin', he'd say right off t' send f'r a doctor. I don't know what t' do. What d' you think, Mr. Morton?"

"I d'clare I don't know, Miss Wilson. But if he's been a ravin' out a his head, I'd think y'd better send f'r a doctor. If he's been abed since yistiddy an' still a painnin' like thet today, I think it ain't a very good sign. If 'twuz the malaria, I'd say not send f'r a doctor; but it must be somethin' else er else he'd a had all his pain yistiddy an' a been easy t'day. My boat's a goin' up in the mornin' an' I'll bring th' doctor back if you say." The other men gave muttered approbation and Morton continued: "That's

what I'll do, Miss Wilson, I tell you, we think a sight of Jed an' we're mighty sorry he's sick. I'll try to git a early start in the mornin' just as soon as things calms down a little. Good night t' you, Miss Wilson."

The doctor came. He found Jed drawn into rigid knots, burning with an intense fever and delirious, raving about the oyster rocks. Mainly, he begged his mother to let no one touch him or touch the oyster rocks. The oysters 'would be "ruined, ruined, ruined," he wailed. The doctor was quiet. He turned slowly to the mother.

"He's been out in the rain a great deal and the exposure has been too much for him, Mrs. Wilson. He is suffering terrible pain now when you see him drawn like that. How many flat irons have you? Well, get them out and let's get them heated as soon as possible." The old woman hurried off to hunt for the irons while the doctor sat down by the bed, looking at his watch. He shook his head, looking compassionately at Jed who was writhing with pain and muttering in delirium.

"I'm sorry for you, Jed. You're havin' a tough time of it, poor fellow! It hardly seems fair, this twisting and torturing of some weak bodies and frightened souls. I'd swear that the poor timid fellow has never done any harm in all his days; he's the meekest and most sensitive of souls, not daring to look the braggart world in the face as it is. Now, God knows what he'll do; for he won't come whole out of this hellish rack. It's rheumatism in the most malignant form and it will torture and twist him beyond endurance, flinging him away at last like a knotted, gnarled oak. Thank heaven for drugs! But how will he face

things now? If he could hardly face them before, how will he stand it in his deformity? God made a mistake in giving men tender souls; it is too painful to carry them about. I'm sorry, sorry. He mustn't go in the weather any more." The old woman, coming in with the irons, was not surprised to hear the doctor talking to himself, for it was a habit common to certain "learned" people in that lonely country.

Many weary days passed for Jed. At first, he endured such pain that he could take no notice of anything else. But with the gradual abatement of the pain, he began to notice the queer change which had taken place in his thin limbs. He was not so much struck with terror as with surprise that they were not worse. His back was curved in an almost perfect bow and his head seemed drawn down upon his chest; one arm and shoulder were drawn higher than the other, and one leg was so far drawn up that he could not touch it to the floor or walk upon it; so he must go upon crutches. His mother wept and whined about their great misfortune; but Jed never com-

plained. Pain had taught him an even more complete silence.

His one desire was to be near the river which he loved more passionately and dumbly now than before. Now that he could not ride over its smooth breast or rock over its tiny, white crested waves to the oyster rocks, he was better able to appreciate its beauty and splendour. He used to hobble painfully upon his crutches each day until he came to the river's edge; he sat there quietly gazing. He looked out over the broad silvery-blue, half-gray expanse of water, fading into marshes at dim shore-lines. Sometimes the water was very bright; it came dancing in in gay little waves, leaping and crested with white foam; he watched the light waves leap daintily against the sand and bound back in a sprightly manner, and his dull eyes lit up as he watched. Ahead, down the river about three miles there were no trees; sky and blue water met; it was the ocean. The air came salt and bracing. Jed arose upon his crutches and faced the fresh breeze.

"I reckon it's about time I got back t' work," he said slowly to himself. "Guess I'll start in t'morrer mornin'."

"A Fantasy"

Ellen Baldwin, Cornelian, '26

The winged flight of the thistle down
Is like to the snowflakes speed
As it sifts through country, village and town
Like a miniature milk-white steed,
On which the Elfin's ride.

The Attitudes of Byron and Chaucer Toward Life

Maude Goodwin, Dikean, '52

Some one has said, "Don Juan" is a veritable "Comedie Humaine," the work of a man who has stripped life of its illusions, and has learnt—to look upon society with the searching eye of Chaucer."

The mere coupling of these two names in the same sentence holds our attention and challenges reflection; Chaucer, the jovial, benignant philosopher, coupled with the sensitive, passionate idealist, Byron.

In the "Prologue" of the "Canterbury Tales" Chaucer gives up a picture of himself as he starts on his journey, his grand review of life. It is "with full glad herte" that he drinks with the "nyne and twenty" pilgrims gathered at the Tabard and covenants with them for a journey of merriment and story telling. As he goes on the journey Chaucer is sometimes in the midst of boisterous hilarity of the cook and the miller; at others he is riding along the edge of the group, to all observances of his companions, absorbed in meditation. In reality he is looking slyly, keenly out of the corner of his eye, taking in every detail of the company from the hairy wart on the miller's nose to the excruciating primness of the Nun.

In the first canto of "Childe Harold," we see Childe Harold, alias Byron, start out.

"Then loathed he in his native land to dwell."

"None did love him—

He knew them flatterers of the festal hour;

The heartless parasites of present cheer."

So loathing his country, sickened by "the fullness of satiety," setting out alone for "change of scene," "he almost long'd for woe."

Chaucer goes always watching keenly. He saw that the lawyer seemed busier than he was; saw the hypocrisy of the monk, the fair prelate, with his fur lined sleeves and his bell-bedecked bridle that jingled in the wind. His passion was

"Of pricking and of hunting for the hare." Chaucer presented these characters just as he saw them. He shows us the "Wyf of Bathe" with all her repulsive vulgarity and carnality with such realism that she is disgusting. He must have been disgusted too but he does not say so. His object is merely to show her to us. To him she is part of life and he is a spectator off watching. He is a philosopher, calm, deliberate, aloof. It cannot affect him. He watches pensively, intently for a moment, then paints—we almost said cartoons—what he sees and gives it to us. While we are examining his picture, we are conscious of the feeling that way deep down inside, he must be laughing.

At the first rebuff and disillusionment that Byron suffers, his entire sensitive being recoils, hurt. Even though just a youth, he broods over his wound and nurses his pain until he works himself into a tantrum and throws himself against his whole country, biting and kicking in every direction. In his travels Byron is not interested in individual men but in the big forces of nature, the landscape of the countries he visits, and in humanity collective. The two combined are to him symbols of the past. He

laments the decay of Greece and the lack of a hero to redeem her glory.

At Byron's second rebuff he is outraged, so embittered that he goes away, vowing never to return. England is a selfish ingrate, and all Englishmen smug hypocrits. If the things England says of Byron are true, he is not fit for England. If they are false, England is not fit for him. And so he leaves.

In the works intervening "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan," Byron's bitterness and his love for a retaliating thrust are never absent for long. For our purpose we may go to "Don Juan," Byron's "Comedie Humaine," his last grand review. In the presence of "Don Juan" we often see Byron. But when he is not in Don Juan, we are always aware of his presence as Byron, the flaming, passionate soul.

Freedom and genuineness seem to be the two great ideals Byron seeks to realize. Freedom he maintains for himself by sheer determination. But what joy is freedom when only one person has it? In his desperation for freedom, Byron seemed almost to deny Englishmen the freedom of being conventional if they choose. Genuineness Byron did not find except in himself. He is severely disappointed, disgusted to the point of infuriation. Nothing presents itself that he does not attack. English women are vain, conceited pretenders. Writers, of note, as of obscurity, rulers, Catherine of Russia, Napoleon, Wellington, every-

body, nobody, are idiots, parasites, ingrates, parisees and everything despicable. Even wedlock and padlock are the same.

Chaucer could soar high enough to look down and see the pettiness of human striving, wisdom, and fame but Byron, with his "feet of clay" could not free himself from the earth. Human strife seems colossal to him. Often it crowds out even glimpses of the sky. It is true he sometimes climbs to a mountain top but there he scarcely sees the edge of the snow-covered stretches, or the blue of the ocean below.

The difference between the attitudes of Byron and of Chaucer towards life is, in its final analysis, the fact that Chaucer saw life, while Byron lived it. Chaucer was a great objective soul; Byron a fettered subjective one. Chaucer was not happy with his wife. That merely gave him an excuse to seclude himself in his library in the evenings to pursue the life of the ancients and to loiter and linger about the customs house or streets during the day, studying the life of his contemporaries. Byron was not happy with his wife. It ruined his life and he had to tell all Europe about it and blame all England for it. To Byron even "mountains were a feeling."

To philosophic, self-possessed Chaucer, who was far past middle age, life looked quite differently from what life felt to sensitive, impulsive, youthful Byron. Chaucer gave us what he saw; Byron gave us what he felt.

Man Wanted

Irma Lee Sadler, Adelphian, '24

"Coming? You bet he's coming. Don't think I'd go without him, do you?"

Sara Hinton's voice was almost boisterous with confidence as she answered her friend's question as to whether she was going "to have" a man for the Junior-Senior Banquet. The girls were all gathered in Sara's room discussing that all-important event, and it seemed that Sara was the only one who was sure of her escort. The rest of them merely hoped. Sara boasted. She was proud of her latest catch and she loved to talk about him. The fact that she had acquired him while visiting her sister during Christmas, and that none of her friends had ever seen him only added to his charm. Every available opportunity she paraded his good looks and niceness.

"Oh, he is tall and slim and blonde," she would chant, "and his eyes are blue one minute and grey the next. And when he smiles! Richard Barthlemess is just not in it. Girls, he's a dream."

She said so much, so often, that "the girls" began to wonder if it were not just one of Sara's many jokes. They knew that there was a man, because every other day Sara got a big, square letter (and a special on Sunday), but that the man was tall and blonde and handsome was doubtful. From their past experience with Sara, they knew that he was just as likely to be a studious, bohemian-looking little brunette, or a fastidious bachelor. But that only added to the excitement. Truly, they "couldn't hardly wait." To help ease their curiosity, they asked Sara every question they could think of.

"Does he have a car, Sara?" pleaded her room-mate, Julia.

"Does he?" Sara took a deep breath and started on another oration. "He must does. The prettiest, big, blue Packard you ever saw advertised. Its upholstered in grey and the engine sounds like a symphony orchestra. He's coming through the country in it and we're going to ride all Sunday afternoon. Can't you see me decorating the front seat with my new frock and flowers?"

"What kind of flowers is he going to send you, Sara?" This from Anna whose man couldn't come but who had promised her flowers and candy and a special to make up the deficit.

"Oh, I don't know, but he asked me the color of my frock, and I know they'll be swell. Violets with valley lillies and an orchid for the center, I expect."

"Gee, I do hope Seth asks me what kind of flowers I want, in his next letter," sighed Mary, another envious listener.

"And I wish that Art knew whether or not he was coming. He can't leave unless his daddy gets back from New York, and I'll bet he lets me know too late to get anybody else. Sara, you're the luckiest old thing I ever saw."

Sara arose to the occasion.

"Luck's mah middle name," she announced in her best Octavius Roy Cohen style. "And I'm sho' going to promulgate a good looking man and boquet to that suspicious occasion."

The others laughed, but they went home feeling a little envious and a little desolate. Sara seemed to have more than her share of good times. But before two weeks were out Sara, herself, was

desolate. She and her man fell out, perhaps of their trance; but at any rate they did not agree any more. Whether the quarrel concerned the color of green cheese or only the comparative merits of Christianity is of no importance. The real thing was, that since Sara didn't "ever want to see him again," she naturally didn't want to see him at the Junior-Senior Banquet. On the other hand, she more absolutely did not want to be seen at Junior-Senior without him. In fact, she would rather give up her daily trip to the Little Store than be seen without him. But she would not, she would not, give in to him. If he thought that she'd run after him like that insipid little Thompson girl he used to go with, he could just get another idea under his hat. But she couldn't admit to the girls that after all her talk, he wasn't coming. No sir, she'd advertise for a man before she'd do that.

But the real idea of advertising didn't occur to her until the next day. She had forgotten her trouble in conscientiously chasing a political write-up from page to page in the day's paper, when suddenly a blocked advertisement caught her eye. "Man wanted," the big black letter glared at her, and fiendishly reminded her of her own need.

"'Man wanted' is right," murmured Sara to herself, and laughed a little cynically at her own misery.

Then a harum scarum idea went skipping through her head. She needed a man. Why couldn't she hire one just like a business firm did. Nobody would know but the man and herself, and they'd never see each other again. Even if it did leak out everyone would forget to be shocked, in laughing at her daring. She'd do it, she'd do it!

That night Sara wrote out her advertisement, and the next morning she sent it down to the local paper. The morning after, she raced to the Library from her first period class and snatched a paper from the rack. Oblivious to the glaring headlines on the front page, she turned to the advertisement and searched for her own among them. There it was: "Wanted—A man from 8 to 11 on Saturday night, March 25. Must be blonde, handsome and possess a dress suit. Will pay well. Apply Box 48,——College."

For two days Sara watched her post office box, first scared that some one would apply and then frantic with the fear that no one would. The third morning, a business-like letter was waiting for her. At the sight of it Sara's heart gave a sickening jump. Her hands trembled so that she tore it open with a ragged, ugly gash. The polite, impersonal little note inside informed her that the writer had seen her advertisement and would like further details as to her offer. He described himself as being blonde, not bad-looking, and possessing a dress suit. Her answer was to be directed Mr. James A. Howell's, Hotel Tremont, City.

Sara's contributions to her classes were noticeably slight that morning. All during the time that an earnest instructor pled for the single tax as an economic measure and condemned private ownership of the street car companies, she was absorbed in the much more important consideration of just how she could most tactfully inform the applicant that he must send her an expensive corsage, must be very attentive to her, and must agree to be introduced as Mr. Stephen McBane. Then, as for herself, she must explain Stephen's absence on Sunday following the banquet. Perhaps a business trip to

Chicago would satisfy the girls. More than that, from now on she must go to the post office by herself so that no one would know that her letters had stopped. Gee, she would have to be careful or something would go wrong and the whole thing would fall through.

At chapel time, she wrote her answer to the letter. In the most careful language she coached the applicant as to what he must do, and how he must appear. She explained that he was to escort her to a college banquet. Instructed him as to how he could find her dormitory, and told him to ask for her at the door, and then wait in the little parlor at the right. Also, he must come by quarter of eight in order that there would be no other callers to complicate affairs. As a final statement, she informed him as to the pay offered and requested his immediate reply. After reading her letter over for the tenth time, she decided that it would do, and went out and mailed it.

All of her confidence destered her after she dropped it in the box. Suppose he was timid and refused to go to a banquet. Suppose he wasn't timid and made her feel "perfectly awful" before everybody. Suppose anything! Suppose everything! Sara dreamed that night about monstrous, big violet corsages that wouldn't go to the banquet and dapper business letters that were too bold.

And morning brought even more frightful experiences. Sara was beset by worries. Like all well-trained girls she had a suitable horror for "strange men," and yet here she was planning to have one out for Junior-Senior. At times the audacity of the thing filled her with breath-taking exultation and at other times, it made her weak with fear.

It was very fortunate that her friends were excited and distracted over their own plans, or they would have immediately discovered that Sara's nervous valubility was caused by something more than ordinary excitement. But they were too busy making arrangements to make any observations and so the days went on with Sara's secret still safe. The man's letter of acceptance came. Finally, the night of the banquet, itself came, and all had worked like a charm.

That afternoon a corsage of violets and valley lilies with an exquisite lavender orchid for its heart came to Sara. On one side of the tiny enclosed card was a charming little sentence written in an irregular masculine hand, on the other side, was the name, Stephen McBane. Sara lost a little of her fear. He must be nice to write like that. It was just the kind of card that Stephen, himself, would have written, and he was nice even if he was conceited. But that affair was over now, and thank Heaven this one would soon be. Romance was surely a strain on one's nerves.

The strain increased as the time of meeting her "hired man" drew nearer. At quarter to eight, when a friendly girl stuck her head in Sara's door and announced "somebody asking for Sara Hinton," that young lady's knees were trembling like a Freshman's on Monday morning classes. But her voice had its old happy-go-lucky tone as she answered her.

"All right, coming."

For just a moment she paused before her mirror. Yes, she was quite all right. Ah, if Stephen could see her now. The soft clinging, dull-blue dress made her look older and much, much more sophisticated. The purple of the flowers brought

out the violet in her eyes, and the odd old silver comb in her dark hair made one think of lace mantillas and maidens in stern castles. If Stephen were here—but—

"Be back later for my cape," she told Julie. "Don't you and Joe slip off without coming in the little parlor to meet my 'latest.'"

Then she strolled slowly up the corridor, entered the reception hall and stopped. Her feet would not go farther.

"Damn! forgot my handkerchief," she announced for the benefit of those around her, and fled back to her room.

She offered the same excuse to Julie who was far too busy trying to achieve an Elsie Ferguson hair effect to listen. While she rummaged in her handkerchief box, Sara tried to regain her courage, but it was of no use. She knew now that she could never, never go into that room and face that man. She'd rather drop dead than do it. But she'd rather drop dead than face the music if she didn't do it, too, and Julie was already looking at her suspiciously. She must go and go now. With the same deadly calm with which she always approached a dentist's chair, Sara went once more up the hall. This time she reached the door of the little parlor before she stopped.

Beside the floor lamp, with his back to the door, stood a tall man in a dress suit. If he had been a squeaking little mouse, Sara would not have been more scared. Her heart did not pound. It stood quite still. Her mouth and throat

felt dry, very dry, like the United States before the Prohibition Amendment went into effect. Sara had heard that deep breathing was good in case of paic. With a big sobbing, desperate gasp she took a deep breath. Quickly the man turned around.

"So, Miss Sara Hinton," he said, and his eyes changed from grey to a dancing blue, "so, advertising is the secret of your success?"

For the first time in her life Sara wanted to laugh and cry at the same time.

"Why Stephen," she gasped, "you mean old thing. I'm so glad to see you I could scream. How in the world—?"

Stephen grinned.

"I had come up to see you, but I saw your ad first," he said. "Then I decided to answer it and wait. I knew it was you by the box number."

"You'd come up to see me?" questioned Sara. "What for?"

"Um, to tell you that you were right and I'm sorry," he struggled.

"About what?" Sara's tone was studiously innocent.

"Have you forgotten?"

"Yes, haven't you?"

"Everything," avowed Stephen, "except that you look like a peach and that I—"

"This is neither the time nor the place," warned Sara, and so he stopped.

But from then on he said it in so many, many ways that Heinz and his paltry 57 varieties would feel entirely inadequate if they knew.

Aaron

Maude Goodwin, Dikean, '52

The soft, low voice of the 'cellos sang a deep resonant melody, sustained by the rhythmic accompaniment of the mellow, vibrant tones of the harp. The first violins caught the strain and swelled it into an ardent song; then, modulating into a minor key, lulled again into the serene melody of the 'cellos.

All this poured from a victrola in the one music store which was combined with the only furniture store of the small town basking in the sun at the foot of the mountains. The merchant watched the face of Aaron Smalls, who, leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees and his folded hands hanging relaxed between them, was absorbed in the music. To Aaron it was neither first violin nor 'cellos. Nor was that marvelous, soft music back of their melody a harp. Aaron did not know what those were. To him it was the expression of all his great, inarticulate desires, and of emotions which until three weeks before had been unknown to him.

In his upturned face there was a struggle. Incomprehensible longing and loneliness mingled with intense desire and aspiration. With the swelling song of the first violins the distant light in his eyes brightened. The merchant thought he saw a faint smile stealing across the thoughtful face. The instruments sighed and the music died away; the light on Aarons face faded as imperceptibly as it had brightened. The expression that would have been joy changed into one of more intense longing, and lingered when the symphony had become silence.

"I want that this time," said Aaron,

getting up to follow the merchant as she went to wrap the record just selected. "Baum," Aaron continued, "you know I didn' like that piece a bit that first time I heard it." The dealer recollected distinctly; he could never forget the agony on the face of this mill hand the first time he had played this record for him. It had been Saturday afternoon, three weeks before. This man, in his dingy, lint-covered coat, had come, as had been his custom for the past month, since he had bought a twenty-five dollar victrola, to buy two records. On that particular afternoon Baum himself had played for him innumerable jazz and cimec records, which he always called for, when, as much from a feeling of curiosity as from a desire to relieve his own ears a few minutes, he had played for Aaron the record which he was now wrapping. He remembered how the prospective purchaser had frankly, almost doggedly, blurted that he didn't like that "queer piece". Nevertheless the following Saturday afternoon he had come and asked to hear it again. On the next he had played it several times for himself while Baum was busy; but as he confessed he didn't "care 'nough to buy it". Now he had bought it. The merchant, though he had keenly watched the struggle from the beginning, still wondered whether his conclusions were correct.

But Aaron went on, "Naw, sir, not a bit! It 'us queer. I aint never had nothin' make me feel so. I can't tell how it wuz, but there wuz just a great big hollo' way, deep inside—something swellin' an' callin' on and on—some-

thing wailing inside. Yet I wanted it—wanted it,” he unconsciously repeated.

“Real music does create longing,” the merchant agreed sympathetically.

“Yes, that’s it! ‘Longing’s what it is,” Aaron assented. “Or yearnin’! Yearnin’s the word. It burns—It grows and swells in yo’—ahead of yo’ where you can’t get it—and still—you reach.”

“That music has discovered you, hasn’t it, Smalls?”

A singular, reluctant smile caught up one corner of the merchant’s mouth, while a thotful, penetrating look searched the mill-hands’ frank, earnest face, beneath which he saw a soul unfold, new and mystic.

“Can’t say it’s ‘xactly that.” This time it was Aaron who was the victim of a whimsical smile. “It ‘uz somethin’ I ain’t never know’d before. If it ‘uz me, it’s a new me, just beginning,” he explained. The merchant held out the thin package. Aaron took four dollars and a half from the pocket of his baggy, thread-bare trousers and laid them on the counter.

“I’ll be looking for you next Saturday,” said the merchant in a parting salutation. Aaron did not answer nor had the light of the revery yet left his face when with the thin square parcel in hand he left the store.

It was earlier than Aaron usually ended his afternoon uptown; but today he unconsciously made his way through the crowds in the two blocks of the one business street of the town, and down the avenue, across the railroad, and up the hill where three-score of little red factory houses overlooked the mill.

“Ain’t the mountains blue this afternoon!” he thought as he ascended. Ordinarily he was not conscious of their

existence. This afternoon something kept causing him to look up.

Aaron Smalls crossed the five-foot porch, which fronted the last house of the most remote row, and entered his home, if mill people may be said to have homes. He slapped his worn hat on a nail in front of the door and started to the back room, which constituted dining room and kitchen, and in the winter, living room all in one. A sunken-chested, sallow faced woman with her coarse black hair screwed tightly at the back of her head, came and peered through the kitchen door as she wiped dough covered hands on her dark blue calico apron, promiscuously scattered with white swastikas.

“Well, what are yo’ doin’ here this early?” she demanded in a rasping voice. “Your supper ain’t ready yit. You think I cin—,” she had looked into her husband’s face and did not finish. Aaron followed her into the kitchen.

“I aint carin’ ‘bout no supper, Katy.” Something in Aaron’s voice made his wife listen. “I got a pretty piece I want you to hear.” Aaron was unwrapping the record.

“Well, can’t yo’ see I’m in a mess a fixin’ yo’ supper for you? I can’t be bothered,” Katy flashed.

“I’ll put it on in here and yo’ cin listen while yo’ work,” Aaron pleaded. “An’ ‘sides, Katy I tell yo’ I ain’t in no hurry—I don’t want no supper. A man comes home for things ‘sides somethin’ to eat sometimes.”

He stepped into the bedroom, removed a fly-specked dog-eared almanac, a pair of rusty shears, and a half mended shirt from the top of the one treasure he possessed: his twenty-five dollar victrola. He wound it, put on the new record, leaned back against the wall in his reed-

bottomed chair and settled his feet on its bottom round. The 'cellos sang; the yearning melody rose and fell. Aaron became conscious in another world.

Suddenly he became conscious of Katy's stare. He turned and looked. She was standing, with elbows akimbo in the door. On her face was an expression of cynical disgust, half derision, half bewilderment.

"Well Aaron Smalls!" she drawled, "Pretty! Well I say! That thing pretty? Why 'taint even got no swing to it."

"Swing"—Aaron's chair dropped forward and settled rigidly on its four legs. When he had first heard it the music had been strange, superb. Only the emotions which had aroused in him awed him, half terrified him. That was why he couldn't stand it. To Katy it had "no swing".

"Why, Katy, 'taint supposed to," he gasped. "Don't you hear the song?" He searched her face hungrily for a ray of understanding.

"Song? Why it ain't got a word in it," she expostulated. It's just so much wheezin', gaspin', moanin'! That's what it is," and she dissappeared again into the kitchen. Aaron solemnly closed the little victrola and joined her there.

For a couple of days life in the little house, to all appearances, went on very much as usual. Katy was surprised the next morning, however, after Aaron had gone to work, when she went to get the water bucket to take it to the well, from which half a dozen families got their supply. The bucket was full. "I'd stand any body down that I emptied that bucket in the kittle jus' 'fore breakfast," she thot.

Since Aaron's extravagant purchase of his victor machine his house had become

the social center in the little settlement. In the evenings the neighbors came and sat on the door step or leaned against the wall as they enjoyed themselves patting time to the rags and laughing over the comic records as though they had never heard them and didn't already know them by heart. They shared Katy's views on Aaron's latest record and declared her "musical judge" far superior to her husband.

"Sounds like wind moanin' through a shackety barn, or som'en worse," Tom Moses criticised, interrupting his own remark to shift a quid of tobacco. The others laughed boistrously and agreed. Aaron shuddered. From within another jazzy ragg rasped forth.

The next day was a perfect May Day.

All day long in the mill Aaron, though he could not have told why, was sensible to the beauty outside. When the five-thirty whistle blew he was eager to get home. As he wound up the hill the mountains continually drew his gaze. "Don't think I ever heard that bird before," he thot, as a blue bird which had nested in the selfsame nearby apple tree for the past two years, warbled overhead. The beauty made him lonely.

"Whu——u! I'm glad to be here!" he greeted Katy, as he hung his empty dinner pail on a nail inside the kitchen door. "Heard the prettiest bird singin' as I came up the hill," he said, as he washed his face and hands in the rusty wash pan.

"Bird!" Katy hissed, "who ever heard of a man payin' 'tention to a bird's singin' befo'?" She looked at her husband in utter uncomprehension.

A few minutes later the little house was filled with the melody of the symphony. "Well, I'll never!" gasped Katy.

She started toward the door, hesitated, then turned back. "No, I won't this time," and she frowned as she returned to finish the half mixed corn bread for their supper.

Soon after, the music had ceased and she heard the regular hack of Aaron's axe from the wood pile. "I wonder what it is," she mused, "what's making him take to cuttin' wood 'stead o' leaving it for me to do. And bringing in the water too! If he'd just leave that piece go!"

A pause in the wood chopping drew her unconsciously to the window. She looked at Aaron. The axe blade was half buried in a log under his foot. He still held its handle but he gazed at the mountains. They seemed so high and free. Could Katy have heard what Aaron was listening to she would have heard the soft song of the muted 'cellos. Could she have felt what he was experiencing her soul would have been torn by intense longing, loneliness. She shook her head. "Aaron!—Oh Aaron! yo' supper 's ready," she yelled from the kitchen door. Aaron was not more than ten yards away.

The two ate their supper in almost complete silence.

By eight-thirty the neighbors had gone, and Katy and Aaron sat alone on the little porch. Aaron rose slowly and went into the house. He found a lamp and lighted it. Its chimney was dingy with soot. The melody of the symphony came from the lighted room. To Katy it seemed as if it would never end. A second time it came in entirety. She was exasperated. Stretching forward she saw Aaron through the open door. He was sitting with his face buried in his hands. A third time it started. At her

nerves' end Katy got up, went in, and slammed her chair down in the room. "Aaron, ain't you 'never gonna stop that horrible thing," she stormed. Her husband jerked up straight and looked searchingly into her cold face. It was needless. He lifted the needle, lowered the top, and closed the doors of his treasure. He handed the lamp to his wife who disappeared with it into the adjoining room.

A sob shook Aaron's body as he flung himself across his bed.

Katy had not wakened once when the mill whistle blew at five the following morning. Aaron was not there. "He'll be back in a bit to git him somthin' to eat," she assured herself. "Men always has to have their vit'ls."

Breakfast was ready; still Aaron had not come—Katy began to look. The worn quilt on his bed had not been turned back at all. There was the diagonal imprint, just as he had flung himself across it the night before. She was seized with a feeling of terror. His victrola was gone. A pile of records lay in its place. Only "Aaron's record" was gone.

"Aaron—Aaron!" she called.

Aaron was not there. He had taken it and gone away.

* * * * *

From the kitchen door could be seen a road which winds up, up, leading over the mountains and into the world beyond. Far upon this road a solitary man lay a large square burden by the side of the road and brushed back his hair from his feverish forehead. In the cool freshness of the early morning he stretched out his arms to greet the sunrise.

Peter Pan

Jo Grimsley, Dikean, '25

Peter Pan slipped across the grass. It was late evening and little shadows were falling swiftly; they slipped up from behind and almost caught Peter. A soft wind rustled through the lowest branches, carrying perfume. Clouds of pale blossoms shone in the dusk; fleecy blooms of wild plum were embroidered against dusky green. The purple night-birds waked up and sang melancholy notes. Orange birds, silvery blue, and yellow ones, even a cream-colored owl, greeted Peter. Late rabbits came loping by on their way home; Peter gravely bowed to them. Then he spied a piper all alone in the forest; he was half-man and half-goat, but he played music more sweet than the songs of hare-bells or the whispering music of river-reeds as he sat there upon a gray-green stone.

Peter lay down in a bed of violets to listen. He smiled gently up at the vivid young moon and fell asleep. The wood fairies came out in play under the moon. They danced around Peter in a joyful circle; then they dragged up many mushrooms and built a magic fairy ring of red and yellow and white toadstools around him. The spiders had been busy in weaving over him a fine cobweb blanket of rose and irisflower design which was caught with a hundred shimmering dew-drops. The moon climbed very high and frowned. The fairies left a solemn frog to watch over Peter and scuddled away like raindrops. The moon sailed higher; she was very tired and pale, but she smiled gently on little Peter Pan sleeping.

April Rain

Bertie R. Craig, Adelphian, '26

Kissed by winds from a thousand hills,
Blown on the breath of a song,
Whisp'ring of flow'rets in wooded rills—
Arbutus and Dragon's Tongue—

Heavily iaden with fragancies
Caught from warm tropic isles,
With stolen moisture of bright blue seas
Far out in enchanted miles—

Rivalling the note of the Cardinal's song
Swept up through shady vales,
April Rain sings blithely on
Of conquered wint'ry gales—

How Long Do Arabian Nights Last?

Blanche Dellinger, Cornelian, '25

"Who wrote Old Lamps for New?"

"Foolish question! Why, that's one of the Thousand and One Nights' Tales."

Incidentally, neither of the two persons quoted knew that such is the name of one of the most charming volumes of essays written by E. V. Lucas. Throughout these brief, pithy essays and remarks there is a subtle reference to the oriental original. Such suggestions as "Fool's Paradise," "The Red Lioness," and mention of the young prince who "dyed his complexion to tawny hue," and the appearance of the three sisters in a Georgian town, the one practical, the other a keen observer, and the young, dreamy sister, all these call to mind thoughts and people of the Arabian Nights.

Through its rendering into eastern languages, Persian, Turkish, and Hindustan, as well as translations into European languages, the *Arabians Nights*, more than any other compilation, with the single exception of the Bible, has encircled the world. Perhaps the quality that accounts for their popularity is their simplicity. It may be considered a kaleidoscope of the errors, failings, and virtues of the men whose life it records, with the added richness of fantasy characteristics of the Oriental mind. During the two hundred years of the currency of these stories in the West they have engrafted themselves upon our culture, making a fairyland, for old and young, of Oriental imagination and of the mode of life of the Medaeival Arab, his morals and his manners. The language and literature of all modern civilized peoples are full of allusions to these incidents and

personages. Their mark is found upon music and painting as well as on letters and common speech. The tales are a treasure of instruction upon life in general and Oriental life in particular.

Tennyson gives us his *Recollections of Arabian Nights* in a vivid picture of the splendor and magnificence of the setting. He himself "tranced by the Persian girl," entrances his reader with accounts of the sparkle, odor, and masonry which are so exquisitely Oriental.

Serene with languid lided-eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with a redolent ebony.
In many a dark, delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rosebud zone;
The sweetest lady of the time
Well worthy of the Golden Prime
Of good Haroun Abraschid."

Characters, scenes, and titles occurring in these alluring tales have offered a wealth of possibility to writers of yesterday, to-day, and very probably to-morrow. One American critic has cleverly adopted as title of his book, "*American Nights*." The short-story writer, Benjamin Brooks has a "Holly-wood-real-estate-hunting"-plot developed in "*Arabian Lots Entertainments*." Where he shrewdly tells his agent "If you remember anything from *Arabian Nights*, '*Gulliver's Travels*,' or O. Henry, tell it to her in the first person." There are a thousand and one ways to employ the title. In fact, one of the most charming entertainments given for the new girls this year was entitled, "*The Thousand and Second Night*."

So great is the lure of the stories of

jewels, and genii, and magic, that children are not alone in their delight with them. College girls and even college teachers can easily become absorbed in reading them or in looking at such marvelous illustrations of them as Maxfield Parrish has given us. Even the pictures have a gripping and imaginative appeal. Evidently it was this fascination that led Grace Hogard Conkling to write "To Elsa, with a volume of Arabian Nights," a colorful lyric imploring her little daughter not to forget a mother's love and the pleasures around her in her infatuation with the lure, enchantment, and opalescence of the Oriental splendors.

All the way from Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Addison to Irving, Poe, and Stevenson we see the influence of the tales told long ago by Shoherazade to ward off the imminent death. Pot was not satisfied with the accepted fate of the visier's daughter. In consequence, we have his ridiculous "Thousand and Second Tale of Sheherazade." She tells the usual tales until the last night, then she spoils all her masterful scheming by telling the tale concocted from her reading about invention, discoveries, natural phenomena, and geography. To presume that the sultan did not know that those things were true! Why, he felt highly insulted at her estimate of his common sense and observation. Straightway off came her head, after her long success in amusing the man renowned for his rash demands. The unhappiness of the ending given the tale by Poe makes a rather characteristic story.

Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights" from the title, sounds genuine. The Suicide Club story involves the mystery and uncanny atmosphere which pervades the original, lacking, however, the splendor

and superstition of the Oriental. The Rajah's Diamond savours of the jewels and secresies of the Arabian Nights. Suddenness and uncertain fate make The Sire de Maletroit's Door kin to the model. The secret door is characteristic of Arabian magic. In transference from Old to New Arabian Nights we might say that Stevenson retained the witchery and detective appeal, and impressive selection of details, but not the glamour and beauty and native enchantment.

Addison borrowed specific material from Thousand and One Nights. In his essay of Temperance he gives an epitome of the story of the Physician and the King. The Spectator includes Adventures of a Hunchback and the Story of Alnachar, quite similar to the original.

In the Arabic these stories are held together by a frame, a device which passed into the epic of Ariosto, "Orlanda Furioso," and which was probably used by Boccaccio and Chaucer. This is suggested in Boccardo's "Nuovo Encyclopedia" with the added suggestion that both contain history or long romance, romantic fiction, anecdotes, short stories, and tales. Ameen Rebani, in studying the "Coming of the Arabian Nights," finds similarity of mechanism and even episodes in Boccaccio's "Decameron" and indirectly on Chaucer. Both have the inception in Catastrophe, or desire to escape it, the plague of Florence in one, the crimes of Shahriar in the other. Both have a frame closing tale within tale, and the ladies of Boccaccio are worthy descendants of Shahrazad. They entertain each other with stories that have in them much that is eastern, while in some of the episodes the similitude is remarkable. The ingenuity of the March-

ioness of Montferrat, who cures the king of his dishonorable love, suggests an episode in the story of the Seven Sages. Fiametta and Filomena entering the languid company in their Italian garden suggest the Three Ladies of Bagdad. Saladin disguised as a merchant is unmistakably Bagdadian. Instead of the naivete which is touching we have in Boccaccio's version a hint of sophistication which is amusing.

That there was a Spanish translation (which was destroyed) is indicated by the two romances, "Meliacin" and "The Cleomadis," besides fragments handed from generation to generation becoming part of the folk-lore of the country and finding their way into the pages of romancers and poets.

Washington Irving, more than any other writer whose works I have read with an eye searching for this magic influence, was most direct, sincere, and suggestive in his adaptation of the legends of the Spanish firesides. It was during his travels in Spain that he collected the legends of Alhambra accounts which bear the "cachet" of The Nights, faded in places, of course, through the corrosive process of many successive translations. Readers recognize the unmistakable Eastern character of such stories as "The Legend of Three Beautiful Princesses,"

"Two Discreet Statues," "The Arabian Astrologer," and Ahmed el-Kamel," which is the analogue of "Prince Ahmed" of the Arabian Nights. Names, places, desires, and accomplishments, all bear the Oriental mark. A test of this genuineness is in the reading of Irving's version immediately after reading a real Arabian Nights' tale. The change is scarcely noticeable, the atmosphere is retained, the magic spell is hardly broken.

Direct, as in the case of Irving, or remote, as in the case of Lucas and Stevenson, no matter, the tales told by Shahrazad have exerted an illimitable influence on literature, art, music, and imagination. Their inspiration has resulted in the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the illustration of Parrish, the idealization of Tennyson, to say nothing of the creative minds of children of the fairy tale and the fact that most poets and writers sometime in the course of their experience attempt at least one lyric or sketch, or use Oriental allusions in their writings.

The question is, "Have we our 'Recollection of Arabian Nights' through translations of the original Arabia or Persian tales or through recent adaptations?"

By the way, "Who wrote 'Solomon's Seal,' 'Old Man of the Sea,' and 'Slave of the Lamp?'"

One Day

Jo Grimsley, Dikean, '25

I saw a little measuring worm crying because he was upon a plucked flower in a green bowl. Although he was gilded from having crawled over pallen, he

looked very pale and wan with weeping; his little body shook so violently with sobs that the yellow daisy leaf quivered. I think he knew that he was going to die.

Gardens

Julia Blauvelt, Dikean, '26

When I was a very small child, I participated in a little "Sunday School song" which asserted that my heart was a little garden. I felt as though I were perjuring myself when I subscribed to this doctrine. How, I reasoned, could this be? One couldn't have a garden without dirt, I knew I hadn't swallowed any dirt, at least only a tiny bit. And how could it get to my heart, anyway.

Now that I have become a woman, however, I begin to see the truth of the song. The aptitude of this expression dawned upon me quite suddenly one day. I was thinking of a sweet timid lady of my acquaintance. Her presence gave me a quiet familiar feeling. My mind groped blindly, for a moment, at little shreds of memories with which it sought to discover for me the something which was associated with her. "Why," I thought, "she is just life—, why just like an old fashioned garden." And there it was, in a flash, before my eyes, perfect in every detail. It was a dainty square plot of ground with a high stone wall jealously holding it. It was all close cut velvet grass and quaint, straight, paths. The paths led diagonally to the center of the garden. They were bordered with neat, white shells, behind which violets modestly regarded the earth. The paths led under arches of pale yellow and pink roses, and where they met, in the center, there was a sun dial. Its careful, weather-darkened finger recorded each movement, from that which was ushered in by the first beam of the sun to that which departed with its last faint ray. There was a faint odor of lavender and a

muffled buzzing of bees. I looked and saw hollyhocks standing primly against the wall with their faces decorously turned toward the garden. Only the wanton bees dared to shake their carefully arranged petals. They heedlessly pulled their golden pollen bags into every conceivable place which promised additional treasure. At the feet of the hollyhocks, lavender blossoms were quietly nodding to each other and murmuring ever so softly. On a branch of an old tree overhead, I heard a mocking bird pour out a slow, sweet song.

After that, I have noticed people's gardens. You can usually find the key, though sometimes you wander through blind alleys and never find the gate to the real garden.

There was the big man. He was the one who went out in the morning with a net, and with a magnifying glass; the man who never brought back anything in the net, but said he only caught bugs to look at them. Now his garden wasn't a garden at all. It was a great, big, woodsy place, where all kinds of things were welcome. It was an animal and plant wood. Everything in it seemed the same to him. He didn't think the trees were any prettier or any better than the tiny, pale, growing things you find under logs. And nothing stayed placed in his garden. I never could tell exactly if they mixed themselves or if they stayed while he always forgot which one he was working on last. It was mossy, and buggy, and wormy, and covered with wild flowers and beautiful butterflies, some gold and blue, and some black spot-

ted flitted over the garden sometimes, and some days bats were hanging from the trees.

My mother's garden is mostly sweet peas, I think. There is a big bed of soft pink sweet peas and some white ones. In the middle there is a lovely little bird bath where all little tired birds come to rest and to wash and get their faces clean. Then there are some little pansies around the edge of the sweet peas. They look up at you and smile or look grave with their thoughtful little faces. The rest of her garden, around the sweet pea bed is a soft, green field of clover. When the rain begins to fall, or the dew, even, or when the night comes, the clovers fold their little leaves and bow their heads over them until the storm is over or until the light has come.

Then there is my own garden. I should know quite a lot about it, because it has been mine for so long. Yet I hardly know what to say or where to begin on my own garden. At first it had some proper pretty flowers, like roses and lilies, and there was a fairly strong board fence around it, that somebody built for me when I was quite young. But, somehow, I seemed to hear some little unborn

flowers in little starved seeds, crying outside. So I worked and worked until finally, I pushed a hole through the fence and let a few in. Then one grew up against the fence and reached tendrils in the hole and pushed it larger. Then I pulled a whole board away and stood back and watched the happy seeds blow in. It was great sport. Some people say "you've ruined your garden." But I wish you could see it. There are gay, dancing poppies and ragged oabbins, and any number of daisies and buttercups and nameless little wild things. They are all growing side by side with roses and lilacs, and lilies and larkspur. I look at them and laugh. "Oh you garden!" I say. "Did anyone ever see such a garden?" There isn't even any sun dial to mark the time, and the flowers haven't sense enough to know the day is over. They just keep whispering all through the night and sometimes they quarrel and push for room. The fence is almost gone now. But oh, my little garden, my wild, silly, non-sensible garden! I wouldn't exchange it for the beautifully planned others. I love to keep taking off boards from the fence for it is such sport to watch the starved roadside seeds come in.

Spring

Jo Grimsley, Dikean, '25

Waving in a mass, a tower of bloom
 Against dark green and deepest gloom,
 Fronds of flowers, feathery plumes,
 Mix and mingle their sweet perfumes
 So that all's intoxicated.
 The drunken bee is more sober than I
 When I see apple-blossoms 'gainst the sky.

The Larger Significance of Hiawatha

Berta P. Coletrane, Dikean, '24

Hiawatha, "a poem as sweet and wholesome as the Indian maize," is said to be the nearest approach to an American Epic of anything in our literature. Longfellow went to the right source for this poem; he collected and studied Indian legends. The Indian did not write literature nor build monuments, and our accounts of him in his forest home, before the disturbing civilization of the white man, depend upon these legends. In these legends a few people have found, or have thought they found, truths concerning the origin, the religion, and customs of the Indian, before and during the settlement of North America. This beautiful poem by Longfellow and the cold-blooded accounts of the Indian by the historian furnish excellent material for the person who wishes to know the truth about this race, who owned and loved this continent before we discovered and possessed it.

The origin of the Indian may be forever unsettled. Some think he is of Jewish origin and attempt to prove this by speculation about how he could have reached America in pre-historic times by coming through the strait of Gibraltar. Whatever his origin may be, his mind and the intensity of his passions were influenced by the North American climate and his struggle in the forest environment for life and food.

The racial characteristics of the different tribes are thought to be the same. They were light of limb, free from excessive flesh, and because their bodies were constantly exposed to the air, were as Hercules in strength. The facial ex-

pression gave an impression of boldness and freedom. The aquiline nose, sound teeth, and dark eyes helped these erect bronze forms to show at times a spirit of great revenge. The Croatan women of today in Robinson County, North Carolina, are said to have handsome eyes, intensely black hair, high cheek bones and exceeding strength and health.

The olden Indian of North America was a product of his environment. He reflected nature in all his life—in his moods, customs, love, and religion. The Indian was not devoid of intellect, honor and morality; there were good Indians as well as bad ones. This is shown by their legends. It has been said that the Indians were poets without the gift of expression. They watched every aspect of Nature with reverent attention. They lived in the open and their ceremonies and dances were symbols which expressed their ideas about the natural world in which they lived. One can not read their legends and fail to feel the human element they have given winds, trees, darkness, stars and moon. These things became vocal to the Indian expressing his hopes and fears. They thought of Nature as throbbing with the same life-force which they were conscious of in themselves. Their god was a god of Nature and through this great spirit and his manifestations in Nature, physical life was sustained. The storm with its destructive lightnings and thunder was symbolic of war, whereas the blue sky and birds brought ideas of happiness and peace.

These beliefs of the black haired In-

dian indicate what kind of tales he would love to hear when seated at the night fire. And in this poem, Hiawatha, which is the greatest epic treatment of Indian life in the whole world, we do find all the natural elements personified and beautiful Nature spirits around the camp fires.

Hiawatha pictures the Indian as a product of environment. The hero is the son of the West Wind, and his mother fell from the Moon. He was the personage of miraculous birth whom the Indians believed was sent to save them and teach them the ways of peace. Through the whole poem there are beautiful legends of star-men, and of the mysterious spirit of winds, birds and flowers.

This epic poem is the most successful poem in the world about Indian life. There is a good bit of fancy written into it, but those students of Indian life, who have lived among the race, say that it is true in its larger aspects. The childhood, youthful experiences, and wedding of Hiawatha, also the famine and fever and death of the lovely Minnehaha, together with the coming of the white man and the departure of Hiawatha—all have a peculiar charm. These legends expressed in the poem reveal the depth of Indian folk lore.

A man, who once became interested in Indian life, tried to explain our interest in savage customs, and the Indian of the past. After watching a cere-

mony and dance, followed by story telling in a pine forest under a starry sky, he said there were definite influences in our lives resulting from the experiences the race has had on the road from a savage state to our present civilization.

"All our boasted gain in creature comfort," and all our college training does not at times prevent our quivering to the old mystery and free life in the Indian legends and customs, as portrayed in the Song of Hiawatha.

Those stories and songs, which have been accurately preserved from the Indian, make us sure that this poem presents the fine things in Indian life. The racial characteristics, and the faith of Hiawatha are true to the nature of the Indian. But it is impossible to tell about the dreams of beauty which filled the heart of Hiawatha. For Longfellow says that,

"Even in savage bosoms,

There are longings, yearnings, strivings

For the good they comprehend not."
To understand Indian characteristics and religion, and to know that this race felt the human element in Nature more than any other, one must read the Song of Hiawatha in its entirety, whose very legends have,

"The odors of the forest,

With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
And the rushing of great rivers."

Le Printemps

Viola Seltz, Adelphian, '25

Oh Spring! 'Tis such a joy to live
And feel thee near,
With all the world a song to sing—
Some note of cheer.
Every echo signals "on,"
Every fear of fate is gone
In the mysteries of the dawn,
When thou art here.

Oh Youth! And who could blame that we
Should cling to thee?
Blessed hour of all the hopes that are
And are to be.
Though our visions prove in vain—
Dreams too wondrous to attain,
What in earth is more to gain
Than love and thee!

Oh Time! I would today but turn
Away nor see
The silent way that thou dost take
This spring from me.
Though I welcome every page—
Truth of life and service's stage,
'Tis thy task to teach me, age,
To welcome thee.



The Temperance of Edgar Allan Poe

Ruth Mason, Dikean, '26

The world of letters has resounded for half a century to the great question: "Was Poe a drunkard?" Why call the dead from his grave and continue criticizing him in the innumerable harsh terms. Poe was hounded to his grave for his temperamental faults, and he is being tortured anew continually. In spite of all he still holds an honorable place in the Hall of Fame which most of his defamers did not. No doubt Poe drank some but it is absurd to picture him as a habitual opium eater or a drunkard. Just glance at his hand writing, it is almost feminine. I am sure no drinking nor opium indulger could write such a eligible hand.

Poe was born under entirely different circumstances from what most children are—he was born with the disease psychic epilepsy. His parents followed the professions of the stage at a period when getting a living was a steady strain or "drain" on the mental and physical attributes. It was a brain struggle with poverty. No time was left to give to "the coming child whose germinal status was unfit.

Only those who have studied Poe's mental condition can really appreciate and understand him. Heredity, which dominates every human being, even more than environment, was responsible for Poe's evil. He inherited a very nervous temperament. His greatest weakness was dipsomania, which is an alcoholic inheritance. Not every alcoholic father has a dipsomania child, but when you find the dipsomania obsession, you will know that alcohol has been in the family at least

two or more generations. If a father drinks when he did not inherit it his children will show less marked neurosis. Neurosis may be lessened or eradicated by careful mating. You can not call a person suffering with such a disease a drunkard. They do not always enjoy the taste of alcohol, but the effect. At the beginning of an attack the person becomes very nervous and suffers with mental pain. Often the will power at this time is very weak, and they will take alcohol in order to seek rest.

Poe's cousin, William Poe, wrote to him saying:

"There is one thing I am anxious to caution you against and which has been a great foe to our family—I hope in your case it will not be necessary, 'a too frequent use of the bottle.'"

You see that heredity was as much responsible for Poe's acts as anything else, and we should not hold it against him. When he was only a child he became the spoiled pet of Mr. Allen's. One of Poe's friends said:

"A pretty trick taught the boy by Mr. Allen was to drink the healths of the company in a glass of diluted wine. He would stand on a chair, raise the glass with all the ceremony of those old Dominion days, then take a sip gracefully, then with a raquish laugh, reseat himself amidst the applause of the company."

Naturally, Poe drank some—it was a custom in those days and he was reared to take a sip from the glass occasionally. Many other writers have sinned more grievously, but their mistakes have been

overlooked because of their immortal works. Poe was human; with lovable qualities. He did not "walk the streets in madness or melancholy, with his lips moving in indistinct curses, or his eyes upturned in passionate prayer."

What Byron said of Sheridan is certainly true of Poe—

"Ah, little do they know

That what to them seemed vice,

Might be but woe!"

In a letter written to Dr. Snodgrass, in April, 1841, Poe asserted that, at no time "was he ever what men call intemperate. I never was in the habit of intoxication. I never drank drams. I pledge you before God, the solemn word of a gentleman, that I am temperate even to rigor."

While Poe was at the University of Virginia he did not indulge to excess in drinks, as he was never summoned to the authorities of the University or the town. During his stay there he was often found in the library instead of in some gambling room. The professors knew him as being a sober, quiet and orderly man. He did indulge during excited occasions, just as the other boys but Poe always adulterated his liquor with sugar and water. His head was always in a whirl in a few seconds. Poe was brilliant in his classes, a leader in play and all athletic exercises. He could not possibly do this had he continually indulged in drinks as some critics say that he did. One of his friends said:

"I, the most innocent of divinity students, at that time while waiting with Poe, and feeling thirsty, pressed him to take a glass of wine with me. He declined but finally compromised by taking a glass of ale with me. Almost instantly a great change came over him. Previous-

ly engaged in an indescribably eloquent conversation he became as if paralyzed, and with compressed lips and fixed eyes, returned, without uttering a word, to the house which he was visiting. For hours the strange spell hung over him. He seemed a changed being, as if stricken by some peculiar phase of insanity."

Some critics have made cruel statements about Poe while in the army, but Professor George Woodberry claims that Poe served his term faithfully. He had an excellent record and always attended to his duties. At the end of two years he was promoted to a higher station and was honorably discharged.

F. W. Thomas, who was widely known in Washington, gives these statements about Poe:

"If he took but one glass of weak wine, or beer, or cider, the Rubicon of the cup had been passed with him, and it always ended in excess and sickness. But he fought against the propensity as hard as ever Coleridge fought against it and I am inclined to believe after his experience and suffering, if he could have gotten office with a fixed salary that he would have redeemed himself, at least at this time. The accounts of his dereliction in this respect after I knew him were very much exaggerated. I have seen men who drank bottles of wine to Poe's wine glass, who yet escaped all imputation of intemperance. His was one of those temperaments whose only safety is in total abstinence. He suffered terribly after any indiscretion."

Poe has been accused of using opium but when the habit becomes established it is generally continued until death. People resort to this drug to relieve some morbid condition. I do not believe that any of Poe's works was the product of

either alcohol or opium, and it is certainly clear that it was impossible for him to write his masterpiece while under the influence of drugs. No man's brain is clear while under the influence of such drugs. Experiments have been made on men of different vocations and it has been proved that they do things more boldly while under the influence of alcohol. They are not as intelligent or accurate while drugged. Dr. Carter, who was an intimate friend of Poe said:

"He never used opium in any instance that I am aware of. Had it been habitual it would have been detected, as the poet numbered among his associates a half-dozen physicians. I never heard it hinted at, and if he had contracted the habit it would have accompanied him to Richmond."

Mrs. Clemm, his mother-in-law gave this statement of Poe while he was composing *Eureka*:

"He never liked to be alone, and I used to set up with him, often till four o'clock in the morning, he at his desk, writing, and I dozing in my chair. When he was composing *Eureka*, he used to walk up and down the garden, his arm around me, mine around him, until I was so tired I could not walk. He would stop every few minutes and explain his ideas to me, and ask me if I understood him."

He was a very affectionate man and always remained in his home when business did not call him away. He never spent nights in ditches under the influence of drugs. Mr. Lewis, a New York lawyer, gave this testimony:

And now, as to Mr. Poe, he was one of the most affectionate, kind-hearted men I ever knew. I never witnessed so much tender affection and devoted love

as existed in that family of three persons.

"His dear Virginia, after her death, was his 'Lost Lenore.' I have spent weeks in the closest intimacy with Mr. Poe, and I never saw him drink a drop of liquor, wine or beer, in my life, and never saw him under the slightest influence of any stimulants whatever. He was, in truth, a most abstemious and exemplary man. But I learned from Mrs. Clemm that if, on the importunity of a convivial friend, he took a single glass, even wine, it suddenly flashed through his nervous system and excitable brain, and that he was no longer himself. His biographers have not done his virtues or his genius justice; and to produce a startling effect, by contract, have manifested his errors and attributed to him faults which he never had. He was always, in my presence, the polished gentleman, the profound scholar, the true critic and the inspired oracular poet; dreaming and spiritual; lofty but sad."

I am eagerly waiting for the time to come when the judgment passed upon Poe must be reversed, but this will not be done until people have carefully considered his neurosis condition, and his serious mental depression. It seems reasonable that we should not blame Poe if he did resort to narcotics and alcohol. It was impossible for him to overcome his morbid inheritance. Pierre Janet, M. D., of Paris, a writer on alcoholism regarded as a disease asserts:

"It is not sufficient to say that an alcoholic is a man who drinks alcoholic beverages, nor to add that he partakes of such beverages in large quantities and often. We must not fail to distinguish between alcoholism and excess in drinking. An ordinary drunken man is not

an alcoholic. He may possible become one but he is not yet one. He does not present the moral defects of an alcoholic. He is not subject to the same accidents. He is not so dangerous to future generation. Drunkenness consists in a disorder of actions and of idea—associations, which is rapidly evoked by the absorption. Drunkenness consists in a disorder person whose mental condition was normal but who, under the influence of alcohol, rapidly enters an abnormal state. Nothing of the kind takes place as regards the alcoholic. On the contrary he may not become intoxicated. Alcoholism is not an intoxication of an accidental nature, which will disappear and leave no traces of alcohol if suppressed. We are dealing with an alteration of the mind—a mental disease—antecedent to the present absorption of alcohol in one sense independent of alcohol. This antecedent alteration explains the role that the absorption of alcohol plays and also the intense craving that alcoholics manifest for the particular form of poison."

Critics have said that Poe was drunk when he died, but his physician, Dr. Moran said:

"I found there was no tremor of his person, no unsteadiness of his nerves, no fidgeting with his hands, and not the slightest odor of liquor upon his breath or person."

Harrison, who knew Poe well said:

"For eight months or more, one house contained us, as one table fed. During this time I saw much of him and had an

opportunity of conversing with him often, and I must say that I never saw him the least affected by liquor, nor even descend to any known vice, while he was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly and intelligent companions I have met with during my journeyings and haltings through divers division of the globe."

Poe has influenced world literature in several ways. America has not produced another genius whose life has been so mercilessly probed. Every word and act has been publicly beazoned. His rhyme combinations are great—"napping" and "rapping," "door" and "more," "Lenore" and "evermore." "Poe has proved himself," says Edmund Gosse, "to be the Pied Piper of Hamelin to add later English poets. From Tennyson to Austin Dobson there is hardly one whose verse-music does not show traces of Poe's influence." He was the founder of the short story—leader in theory and practice. He formulated a code that has been followed in all lands and you might call his stories a model.

The Raven, which is considered his master piece, has excited more comment than any other poem. He has been more misunderstood than any other poet. Poe has been shamefully abused and misrepresented, but he has brought more honor upon American literature than any other American poet. He won most of his fame through the Raven. This poem placed Poe as the most original of American poets. He stands in poetry as the "Venus" does in sculpture.

Sleep

Margaret Smith, Adelpian, '26

O sleep, thou stealthly visitor
 Who gently flings aside all thought and care,
 I welcome thee, mine only comforter
 To change to pleasant dreaming grim despair.
 Then from my ceaseless round of vainly hoping
 That some day I may obstacles o'ercome,
 Lead on and on and on, and never stopping
 Bring me a guest to Inspiration's home.
 Lo! I shall ask this prince in royal glory
 The true way in which all success is won.
 Then, with new purpose, back to tell the story,
 Soon I'll complete the tasks left undone.
 O sleep! than whom I have no dearer friend
 God grant that I may never thee offend.

"Carpe Diem"

Horace, Ode XI, Book I

Blanche Dellinger, Cornelian, '25

Leuconoe, do not question,
 'Tis not right we should construe
 When the gods' divinest wisdom
 Orders death for me and you.
 Fre thou not with Chaldean numbers,
 Meddle not with stars that shine;
 How much better being patient,
 Taking what Jove may assign.
 He may destine many winters,
 Maybe this one is the last,
 Which, with boist'rous wave is breaking
 'Gainst the Tuscan rocks with blast.
 Drain your wine, and be thou wise, sir,
 Prune long hope to fit brief days.
 While we tarry here with speaking,
 Time, the envied, flees apace.
 To the future dare not trust.
 Snatch the passing day, you must,

My Street

L. Parrott

The railroad cuts my street in two. It separates two lines. One rarely knows both of them. It is the Great Divide between two classes, between those who have the luxuries of life, and those who have scarcely the necessities.

On one end there are great square houses with ample yards, and tall trees that sway grandly in the wind. Wide verandas stretching half-way around are often the meccas of gay dancing youth.

On the other end, there the tiny box-shaped houses, all alike and set in rows. The front porches are short and narrow, the size to accomodate the family on Sunday afternoon. The yards are small, and bare, save for pieces of discarded toys and refuse.

Parchment shaded lamps, and classic pictures hung on silken cords, overstuffed chairs, and costly nic-nacs—marble busts and chic walls pockets and other things of taste, decorate the rooms on one end of my street.

Flashy pictures of roses in full-bloom, gilded mottos "God bless our home," suspended by hideous bare wires, "sacred" calendars with the picture of a girl clinging to the cross in the midst of the stormy sea, and stiff-backed chairs characterize the homes on the other end of my street.

The people on neither end are happy. The rich daughters are distressed to see their father eat off the back of his fork. The poor daughters fear to see their father come home—he is drunk so often. The rich daughters hear the brawls across the railroad but do not sympathize. "Those girls should be used to it."

A child in one of the tiny houses plays all day long at a jangly piano. Her parents cannot afford to give her lessons, but she persists in attempting to express "the music in her soul" by playing from an old discarded hymn book, and with untaught technique. The child in the house just across the railroad has to be coaxed and bribed to practice. Or else, her mother sits by her side and almost forces her to go over her lesson.

In the evenings, slick sedans crawl up and pause before the houses of the rich. Presently, the party is off, perhaps, to see a Shakespearian play.

With minds tired from the daily grind of mill work, the daughters of the poor go forth ("the little, painted, wistful faces begging of life for joy") to witness a common vaudeville, to get a thrill to color their drab lives.

Sometimes, I go across the railroad, and then look back. The why and wherefore is all a mystery to me.

The Diplomat

Sue Ervin, Cornelian, '24

It was good to be at sister's again; I was content. The three children, John, Buddie, and Martha were playing peacefully together on the big rug. The fire sparkled, and cast pretty lights on their shining hair and round rosy faces. John and Buddie were absorbed in looking over, not in studying, their new books. They had them all spread out around them,—books, pencils, tablets, crayons, and book-straps—a most formidable array. They had reached that stage when the small boy feels that the number of books he can boast of is a sure indication of his importance and growing “grown-upness.” Buddie was somewhat disgruntled; even if John was a grade ahead of him it did not seem exactly fair that John should have two books more than he,—and one of those a big geography book. It just did not seem right; but Buddie was finding the pictures in his new reading book very interesting in spite of the fact that he felt slightly agrieved. John was superbly content; he was knowingly arranging his many new possessions to fit his book-strap most securely. He could not stop long enough to listen to Martha's baby chatter or to take even a perfunctory interest in her dolls, although she tried in many pretty ways to gain his attention.

I noticed that Martha soon began to lose interest in them herself. Since John would not be interested in her things she would just take an interest in his. She wanted to hold the new books, see the new pictures, or write with the new pencils. All her strategies, clever moves, smiles, and coaxings were of no avail.

John was absorbed but careful. He gave her no chance really to play; each object was taken from her fat, clutching, little hands gently and firmly. Martha's lips began to tremble, and her big blue eyes to fill; she did so want to write with the red pencil, to chew its soft lead so that it would make big black marks. She had scrambled to her feet and started to the kitchen to tell her troubles to her mother when she noticed Buddie's new treasures and his rather lovely figure in their midst. All her cunning returned; she came close to him and, with her arm around his neck, she looked at his pictures and books without offering to touch them. Her absorbed attention was a comfort to the small boy who was two books lacking in importance. Martha's viles increased; she did so want a red pencil. Buddie listened to her happy voice, felt her soft body held close by his arm, and thought that she was a mighty good baby sister. Not like a boy, of course, but girls could not help being girls. At last Martha gained her desire; Buddie gave her his new pencil and many careful instructions as to how to use it. She settled down to her task and Buddie returned to his pictures. All was peaceful and still. I began reading my magazine again. I read on and on absorbed, lost in my story, until I heard Buddie's agrieved, apologetic tones.

“Mother,” he was saying to my sister, “I could not help giving my red pencil to Martha; she was so good and sweet. But, mother, just look; she has chewed the lead all to pieces and the rubber is lost and gone!”

Betsey

Viola Seltz, Adelpbian, '24

I know old maids are generally supposed to have a liking for cats, but I wasn't born with it, and I ain't ashamed to say so. Lord! how I've been tormented with 'em! My sister says the fates mixed us up, and I kind er think so myself. Poor soul, she's got both, the husband and the liking for cats. Well, I suppose that's Heaven's way of teaching the rest of us to be thankful.

But as I was saying, I've had my share of the trouble; and that's why—she's always got 'em 'round. She lives in the city you see, and she just makes my house a nursery for her pet cats. Why she's sent every kind you can think of here, from old black Tommy that was half as big as a shepherd dog, to little meddlesome Betsey—Lord, she was the last one and the worst you ever see. I tell you she's done everything. It'll take me ten years to git over the mischief she's done me.

For instance, the last time I had a gentleman caller—it's only been eight months, ago, when the minister from Shady Grove come over to set awhile—Betsey ruined everything. Just as he was coming to the vital point in the ghost story he was telling, and all the house was still as death, what should we hear but a painful, awful scream come a shrieking down the chimney!—I don't like the rest to be told, but since its you—I fainted outright! fainted, and when I come to myself what do you reckon? Why, I was jammed as tight as a pot lid in that preacher's arms, and he was staggering—poor fellow he's so little—and a pouring water in my face,

and a trying to show me a little, dirty, smooty cat all at the same time! Then, taking advantage of my helpless condition he actually kissed me on the forehead! Of course I ordered him out of my house as soon as I could set up straight, and the next day I withdrew my membership from the church. Oh yes, folks don't know why I done it, and they talk and snicker up their sleeves about it, but one thing's certain, I'm not going to no church where I can't set on the front seat and look the minister square in the face—not me!

But a lot o' my trouble comes on me when I'm alone and helpless. It's the way of this ilfe you know. Why, one night about two weeks ago, when I had worked hard all day doing my spring cleaning, I retired real soon so as to git a good night's rest. Well I hadn't more'n started on my second dream when sumpin woke me up. It was a scratching, scratching, I couldn't tell where, then a far off pitiful-like crying. I just knowed it was that pesky Betsey, and I turned over and tried to go back to sleep, but no! It got louder and louder! Half asleep, and plumb disgusted with life, I got up. I hunted far and near, but no Betsey saw I anywhere. After worrying myself sick, and going up and down steps, and a moving furniture till my arms and legs acked to the bones, (not that I cared if she died—but my sister) I heard a sudden splash of water near my dressing table. I turned just in time to see a small, slick head peep out at the top of my water pitcher, and then fall back, followed by another

splash! Lord! I most wished that pitcher had been fuller!

It was a late hour when I got Betsey dry and warm, and a much later one before my nerves got still so I could sleep any more. I wrote my sister the next day trying to explain what a burden I had on me, and begged her to come right over after her troublesome pests, but she only laughed at me and called me foolish. No, she don't seem to care how fast the gray hairs come to my head.

I thought this would teach the cat a lesson, but I was mistaken as I found a few days later. I had received an invitation to a quilting that was to be at a well-to-do place. As I had nobody to go with me, one of the most distinguishable guests stopped by to take me on. I didn't urge her to come in, as I had a feeling something might happen out of "good form," but she said she wanted to see over the old house and was not to be kept out. Things went off beautifully till I was ready to put on my hat. I had laid out my large cream one with the roses on it, so as to have things handy. I kept trying to talk to her as I picked up the hat to put it on. But what was the matter? It set right up on the top of my head

making me look like a fright! I blushed and pushed harder. Then what do you suppose? There was a loud meow, and I found Betsey in the lining of that hat crown, stretched around like a switch of hair! Laugh? of course the lady died a laughing at me—and to tell the truth, I couldn't much blame her.

Well, I guess she'll not embarrass me so again, but I surely thought I was done for the day before yesterday when she begun having fits. I had no one to send for the doctor, (as my sister always does, though 'tis ten miles), and I knowed it 'ud never do to let her die on my hands, So I got out the carriage, and as soon as I got Betsey sort er quiet, I put her in a big basket, covered it over the top with a towel, and hurried off in great speed for my sister's. Every few minutes that towel would begin to jump up and down, and I had to take Betsey by the rear legs and hold her out over the back of the carriage till another spasm was over. People looked dumb-founded and amazed as we flew by, and some even took to horse and followed to get a better view of the show. But I reacher my sister's with Betsey still alive, and the physician says she'll recover. But my sister has decided that she can put her in better hands, and has took her back. The Lord be praised!



Chasing Hats

Mae Graham, Cornelian, '25

I can never remember the time when I did not have a desire to do something better than anyone else. At one time I was sure I would be the world's greatest prima donna, and I clung to this ambition with the tenacity of a bull dog until an extremely polite little boy told me that when I sang I sounded like a cat that had never been tuned. My next most cherished ambition was to be an author who would be known by everyone and admired by all classes. My disillusionment only came after an intense course in rhetoric to which I was exposed during by Junior year in high school. About this time I began to think that I might not be a budding genius, that it seemed possible that I did not even have talent.

After two years at college I have found out differently. I am a genius in my line. It is along a line that will never bring me fame, but nevertheless, the fact remains that I am a genius. I discovered this quite accidentally, but I shall never fail to be proud of the way in which I can chase hats—particularly my own hats.

One Sunday morning I was calmly and sedately pursuing my way to church. I came to the end of a block, on one side of which was the largest hotel in the town, and on the other side was the only railroad station, or, to add a touch of local color, the depot. A gust of wind came by to keep me company, and off blew my white leghorn hat, trimmed in pink ribbon. With a little squeal of anguish I ran forward hoping to rescue my summer bonnet. It seemed as if

fate was with me, because the hat blew only a few feet and stopped. I stopped running and took my own time; just as I reached down to grasp the brim, which was exactly the size of a dish pan, the wind again came by and away went my hat. This performance was repeated three times, each time the hat moving on as I was in the act of picking it up. The spectators seemed to think I was making low bows to something, and they watched me attentively to see how the latest edition of the book of etiquette said it should be done.

Just one more such incident convinced me that chasing hats was my calling. The day was windy, damp and cold. We were hurrying from town, and just as we turned the corner my hat departed from my head. I am more hopelessly addicted to large hats than a bootlegger is to his home brew, and this time it was a large black velvet one. I jumped out into the middle of the street, not far behind my hat. To my horror I saw a large King Eight approaching. I was dumfounded—destruction was at hand. The big car swerved to the left just in time to harmlessly knock my hat over the mud hole on the right. Again fate was on my side! By the time I had got across the street with hopes as high as those of the hero of "Excelsior," my hat had re-crossed the street, narrowly avoiding a 1915 Model Ford and a United States Army truck. Few stores made a jam at this corner, and my hat peacefully reposed there until I could get to it.

My debut was made! I was a success! I am a genius! I can chase hats!

On Lovely Weddings

Irma Lee Sadler, Adelpbian, '24

As the most congenial of the sexes, women have always had many social obligations. Since the days of Adam, it has been on her shoulders that all of the family reunions, the Friday afternoon Book Clubs, the Ladies Missionary Society, and all of the other functions of a social nature, have fallen. And now in this age of increased efficiency has come another requirement that women must meet before they may settle down to respectability. The modern women must have a "lovely wedding". No other kind is acceptable. A few years ago it might have been "beautiful in its simplicity" or even "impressive in its beauty", but today it need not occur at all, for no homage will be paid it. Dame Fashion has laid down the requirements for a wedding and not even the most secure society woman dares to break a regulation.

Now the first requisite of this lovely wedding is "a beautiful and charming" bride, or if this is impossible, "an accomplished and popular" one. In all of the United States there are only these two types of girls, and of necessity the bride must be either the one or the other. No divergence or blending of types is recognized as good form. If the bride is beautiful, she must be charming and as far as talent and popularity, they are one and inseparable, all of which simplifies the matter greatly. The question is not the momentous one of "to be or not to be". The only problem is to be beautiful and charming, or to be accomplished and popular. The decision rests on the bride's taste.

But whether the bride be beautiful or

accomplished, she must have "an only ornament, the gift of the groom". She would not be fully clothed without this final accessory, and I am sure that no conscientious bride would remain in her right mind if she lacked this artistic touch. No other decoration can possibly take its place. Family jewels, gifts from former suitors, Christmas gifts, even the handsome engagement ring is laid aside in order that the groom's gift may be "an only ornament".

And since this gift occupies such an important place in the lovely wedding, it must be very carefully selected. In fact, the groom may choose only one of two things. He may present his beautiful or accomplished bride with a diamond and platinum brooch or a string of pearls. Anything else would be barbaric and wholly unacceptable.

The choice of the groom is even more limited than that of his gift. No ordinary man or even successful man is allowed to participate in this lovely wedding. Only "a promising young business man" gives the required degree of satisfaction. His business may be anything, but the man himself must be promising. Not that the promises are made public. The visitors are not interested in that. The groom may pledge anything from a house in Sunset Park to undying love and only the bride hears him. Society being assured that he is a "promising young man", passes blithely on, leaving the bride with "an only ornament" and promises out of which to construct her future.

Then as the finishing touch to this lovely wedding is the "wide circle of

friends" which the bride and groom possess. Why the friends should be in a wide circle rather than an immense square has never been discovered, but there they are. And the circle will never be broken. From all over several states

this wide circle of friends watch with interest the proceedings, and if the bride and groom successfully conceal every vestige of their personality, these same friends agree that it was "a lovely wedding"

The First He Ever Had

Kate C. Hall, Aletbeian, '26

Don't you know! our baby has a bran' new tooth, his first!
Mother found it just this morning, too;
Our family is so proud to-day you'd think we'd surely burst,
Something to be proud of, I tell you!

There never was a gold-mine found brought such a lot of joy,
Think, a tooth, the first he ever had!
Say, if you had a roly, chuckly, chubby baby boy
With a new tooth, now wouldn't you be glad?

